

OG
12



of the toilet, we all jumbled
one brot, only pretending to only
one another. Let all become
every night, every time, let us
I don't care about your sleep
let me sleep! How is this a vir
your my pattern becomes con
this is why I know the fear
it too becomes a marker and a marker
becomes a marker. Together see
The gun stayed behind the table
night, I'm sorry you were
or was it barissled? I'm sorry
(you could not get where the
live, lightness, somewhere to
hunt on these shores or those
those sheets. You tried the
red why for her green
on me! Remember the star
that sticks red line. How for
tanks, rana, I wish that all
passenger in your cab. We

in your bed we are taken by
hotel. Long afterwards we would
suddenly drive by and I would
though I could smell not see
incapitation of my own death which
I have been fine, traped in fine.
was the stretch of your desperation
I could not stand, the audacity
your pain. We were there all
rumbled into one brot pretending to
I have one another, still beque
again every night every time please
let us sleep, the lady. "you'll wake
baby. No, here is where I became my
advised about my own sleep. No, I
in my hand, do just let me sleep
is this in way to go on? Then you
any pattern will be. It will
any pattern and a marker becomes
one a marker and a marker becomes
marker. The gun stayed behind the
it in the motel for years. It only
e out, shiny and black, heavy an
y because I was supposed to be
Curry and she had to tell someone
island woman to another, the m
could not have made it in time
what you tried things, a cab, a whine

WHAT
FRIK?
STUG
K

OH

SPML
OWED
SUG
SUG

YOU
GEY,
PON?
TURN

!

H
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STUD
ZOINK

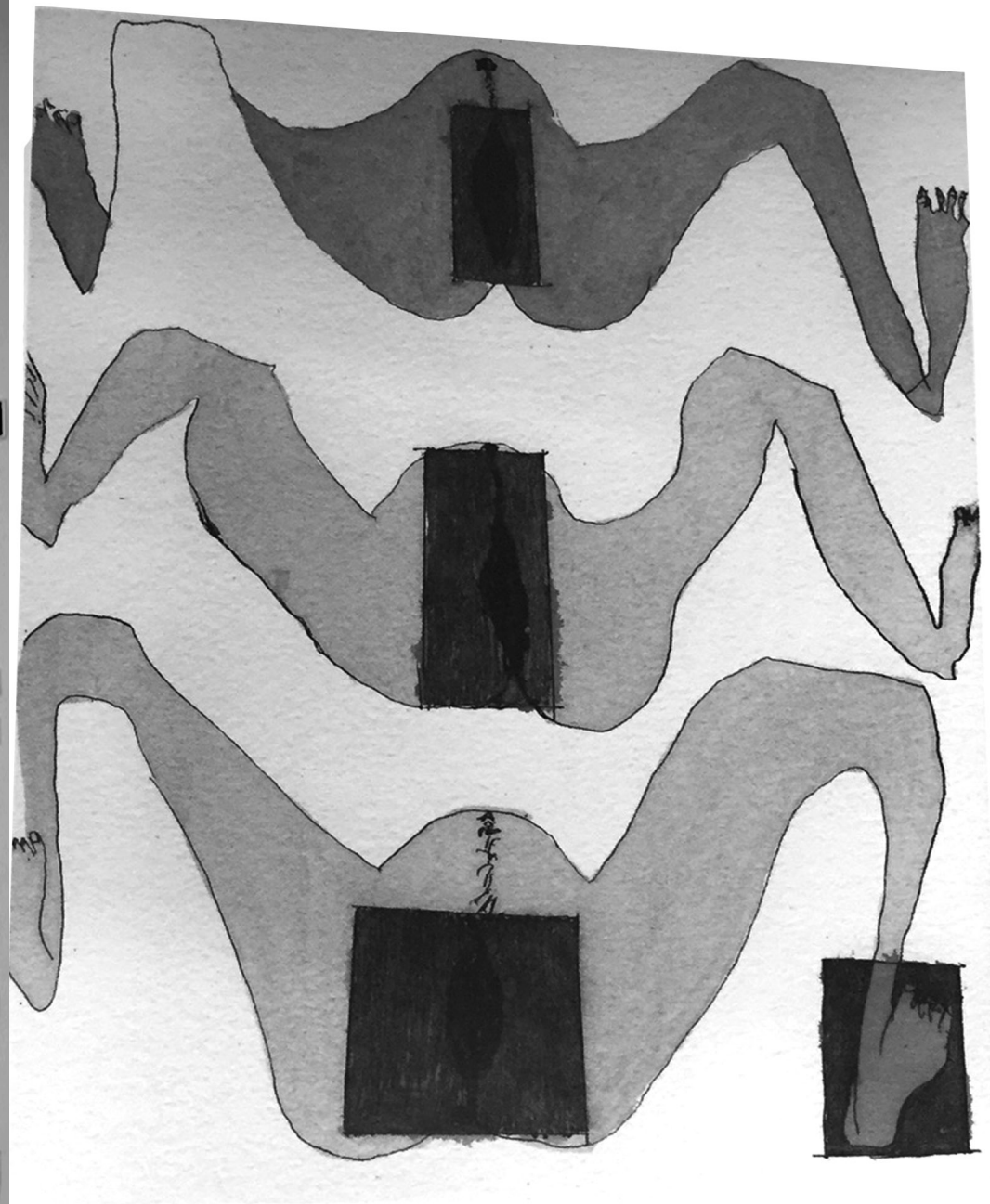
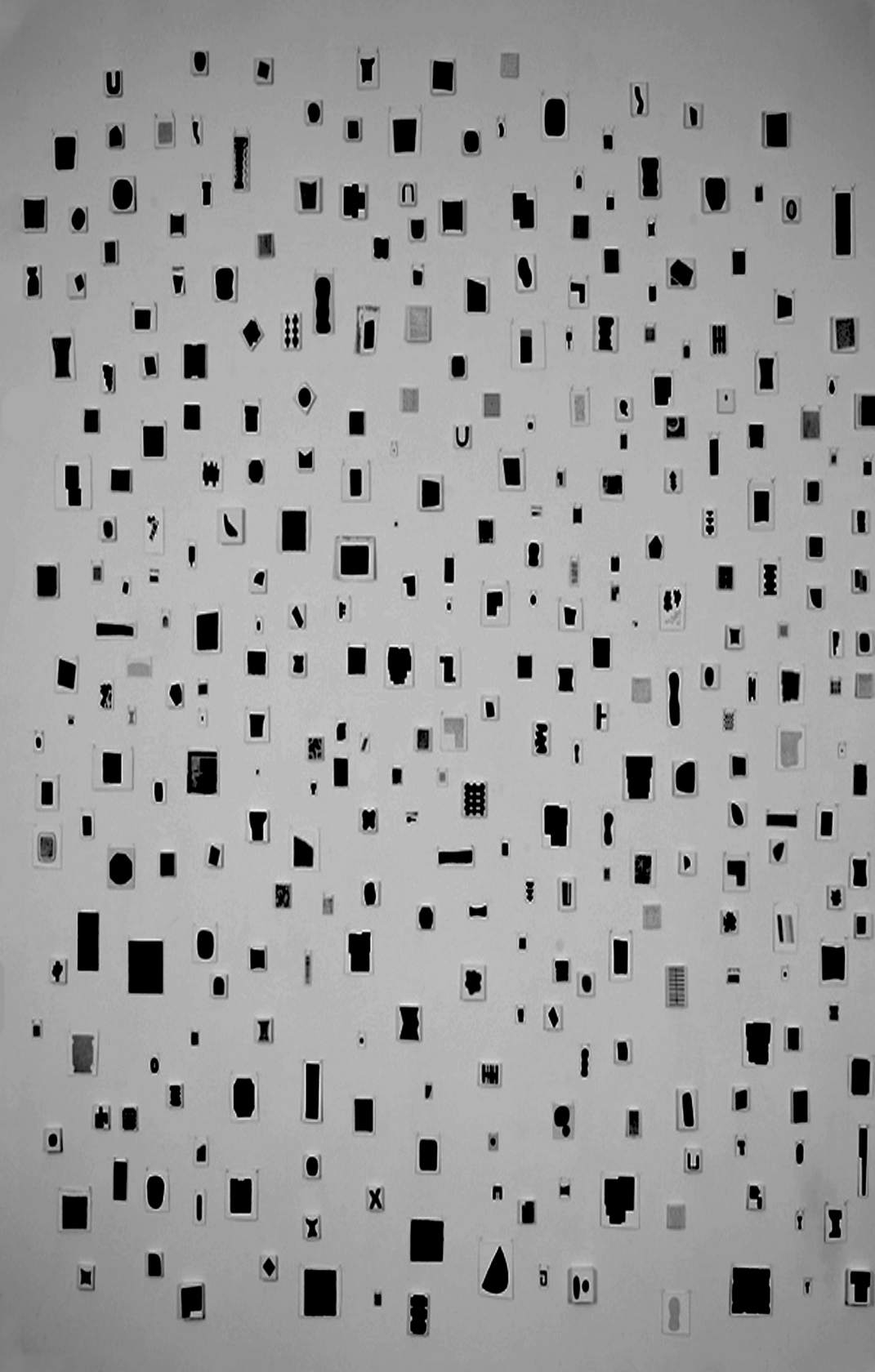
SPRM
WILTS
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UP
THE
BACE
DUTC

MY
FEGL
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PILK-
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GEYZ
OH

YOU
DEG?





snippets from Oyvind Fahlstrom's
1953 "Manifesto for concrete poetry"

"Replace the psychology of the human
with the lyrical obsession with matter."
(The Future of Futuristic Literature, 1912)

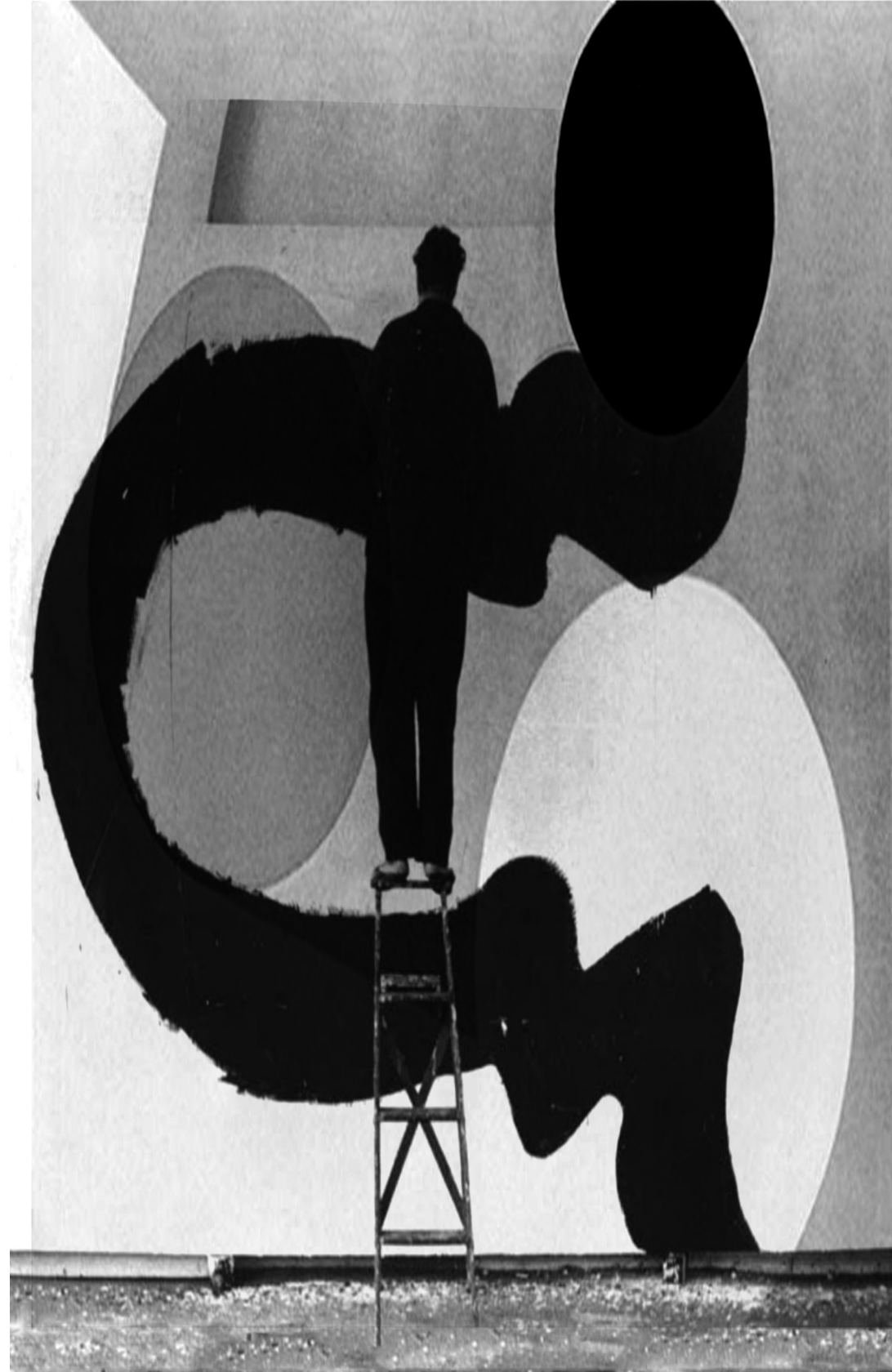
What will the new material become?
It can be shaken together in any way-- yet
isn't material always inescapable,
from a "concrete" point of view?

Many sentences will seem insignificant,
neither particularly amusing nor
comprehensible,
neither sensibly saturated with
meaningfulness, nor sonorous.

This is the case not least because the material contains "disadvantaged" words. The disadvantaged are the words that, despite the enormous expansion of poetical vocabulary during the last half-century, are still not considered to be able to stay dry on poetry's word carpet. "Merchants," "enthusiasm," "clubs," "mine," "horrendous," "whisk," "men," "dozens," "gland."



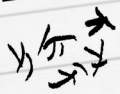




Reading a dictionary is as useful a place for discovery for a language artist, as browsing in a manual about insects, car engines or body tissues is for a visual artist.

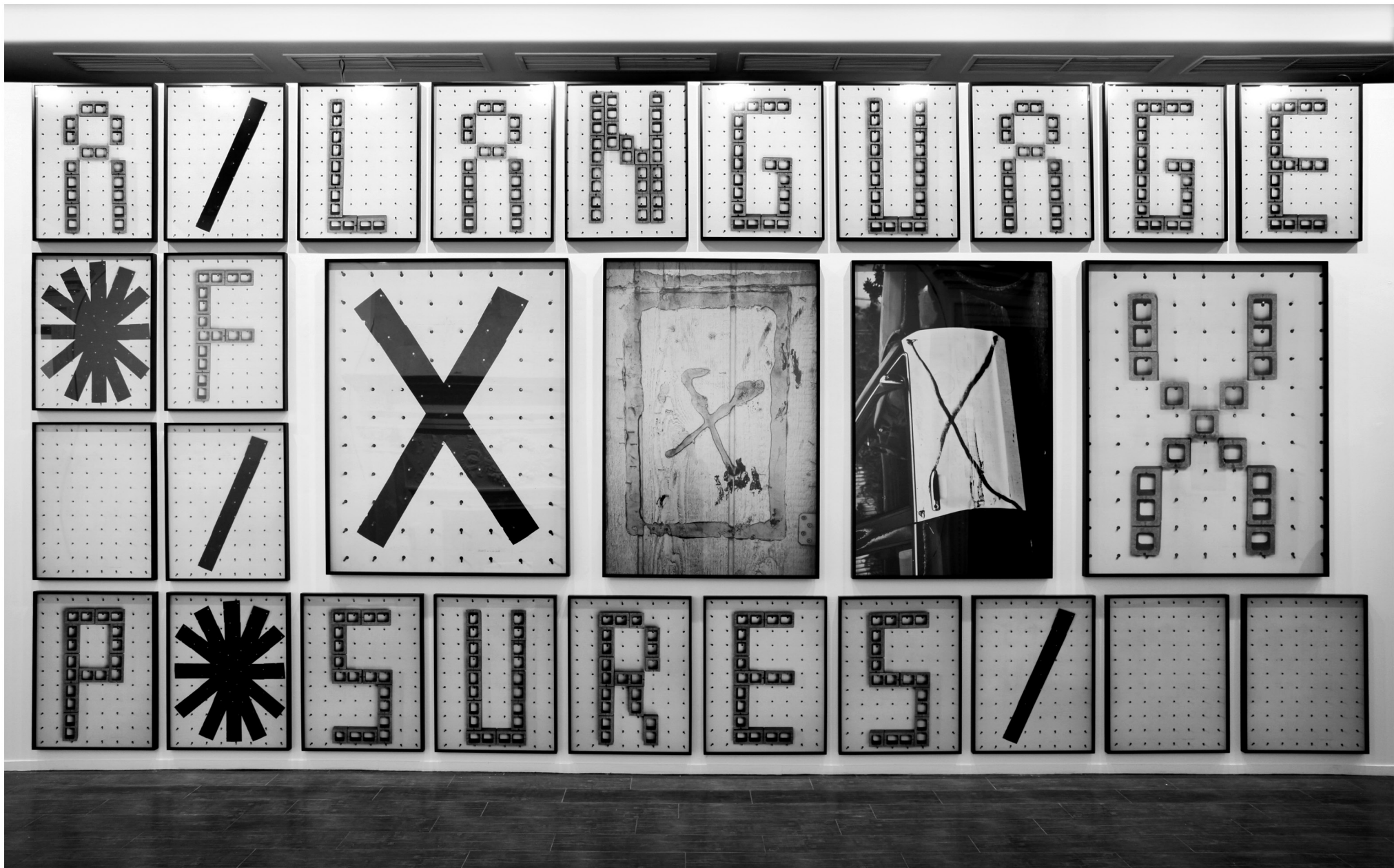
"The bourgeois artist paints the hulk of a sinking ship."
(B. Brecht)





After the Anthropocene, Alien philologists discover meandering pictographic writing.

FIELD NOTES	
MORPHEME  	DIACRITICS  PUNCTUATION 
LANGUAGE GROUPS   	SYNTAX    
GRAPHEME	



EYE→MOUTH/→/HAND→TONGUE

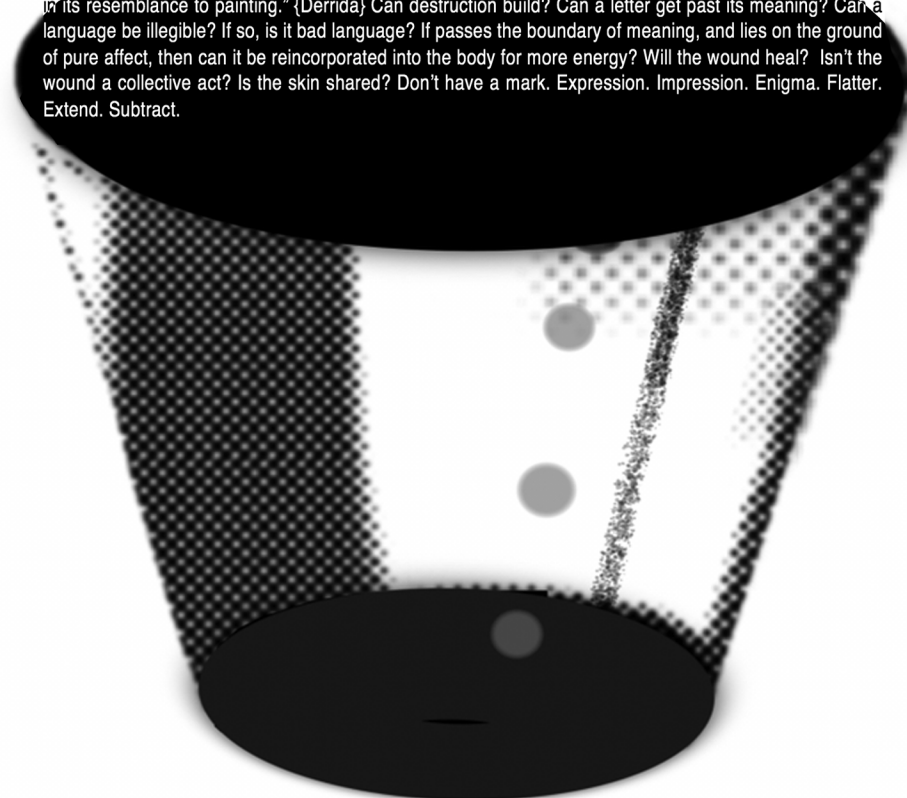
“I am interested in the finger, not in the moon.” – Roland Barthes, *THE NEUTRAL*

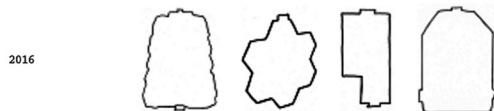
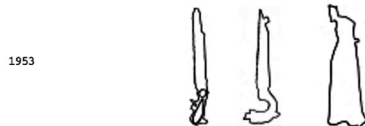
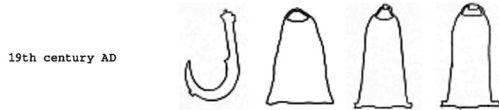
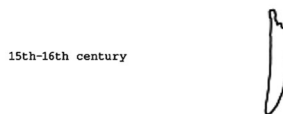
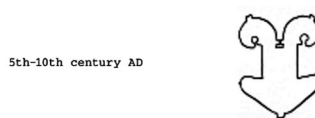
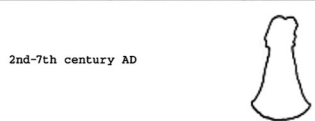
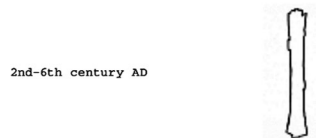
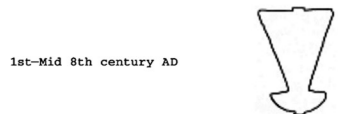
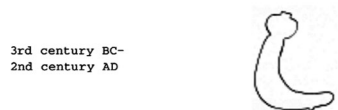
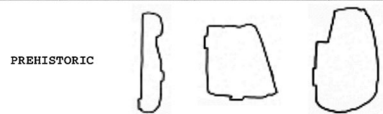
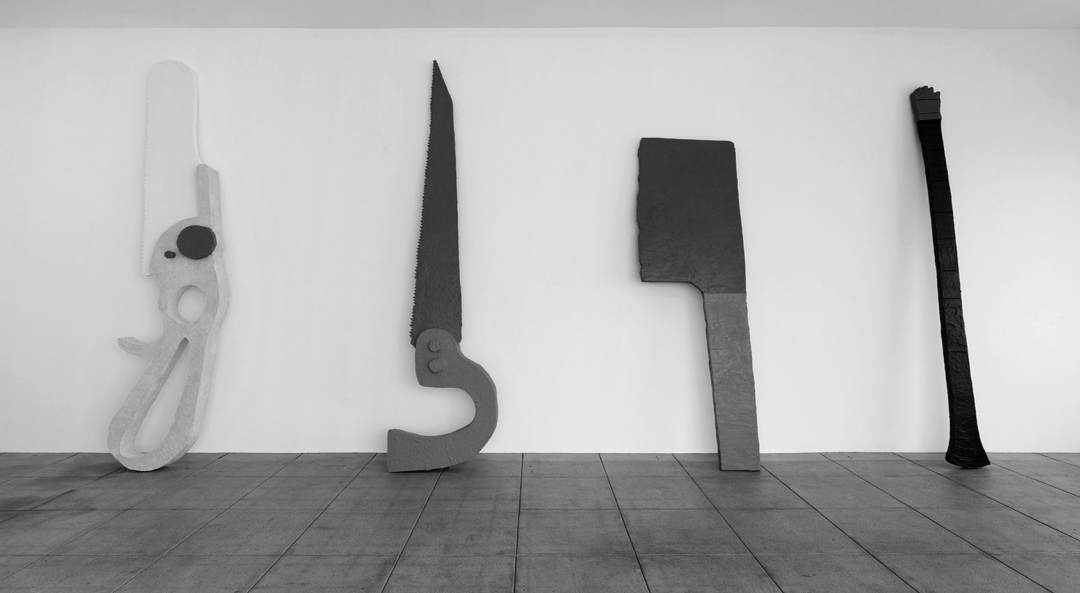
[PAINTING] IS A FORM OF LICKING THAT ACCUMULATES
THE ANIMACULAR HOMUNCULUS,
UNCONSCIOUS DASH TOWARD THOUGHT—
ROLL OVER INTO YOUR SNAKE DOG BABY FACE—
CURSE THE EYE OF MY BOOT EDGE A HOPE IN THE TIT MASH—
LITTLE FUNNELS FOR THE
IN-TO-OUT—IT’S GOT A SHAPE THAT GRASPS IMPRECISELY
WITHOUT BEFORE LIKE PARTICULAR
(THAT’S YOU)
FULL AND VERY FACIAL VISCERA—THE DEATH DROP INSIDE OF STANDING—
LITTLE
WRESTLING OF THIS AND THAT AND THINGS DIE,
AND UNDER AND OVER DO YOU KNOW/NO
(TO THE 3-PRONGED COCKHANDCUNT)
LOOKIT ALL THESE UP-AND-INS AS A PERSON—YOU CAN’T
GET AWAY FROM LAYING
ALONG AND BUOYING UP THERE AND THERE—
SUBBISH—BUILDING UP
THE RELATIONAL SHADOW
(IN THE MAP PALACE)
SO MUCH TALKING, IT’S COOL— HERE’S A MASK
FOR YOU TOO—
BODY PIPE—TITSLUNG RUBBER LACE—IT’S A TRUNK—
IT’S A SUCK SYSTEM—
RECLINING FORMS MASK A RUB-CROSSING—
WHO FOR WHAT? DEEP PINK, VERGING, A LIGHT IN
BETWEEN IN THE FLESH UNDER DARK—
YOU HUNT THE OPAQUE THING
PAST ALL THE LAYERS
YOU BARELY SAW
FELT BEFORE
THE DARK SPACE OF SPEECH HAS BLED OUT INTO FLUORESCENT
GESTURES—
[DIFFERENTIATION HAS BEEN STRUCTURALLY REGULARIZED
AS A VISUAL BYPRODUCT
OF THE MATERIAL’S STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE]
SHRUB THE MOURNING SHAPE, HANDY DADDY SAP
PULL ON THE OLD LAP—
BODY INSIDE OF STOP VEIL SIGNIFYING OVER—THRUST STAND FOOT
TOUCH
A PAW AND A WOUND—THE FINGERS OF THE SYMBOL ENTER
(OVER ME ORIFICES)
BREADTH IS DIFFUSION

ATMOSPHERIC AFFECT, A FACT COMING FOR YOU—
OVERCORRECTION
UNRECOGNIZED—
GREEN OVER DITCH—
COLOR IS A THING YOU HOLD ON TO WITH ALL OF YOUR
TIMES—
THAT NUB, A PAUPER— ASYMMETRICAL POP HEART—
THAT LINE—A DRAG, A ROLL, A
STROKE YOU HAVE IT
COMING TO THE GENITAL
GATHERING AND LOOSENING OF
THE HAND,
THE FACE—
FRIENDLY SWERVE—TWO HEADEDNESS FULSOME
TO THE COMPONENT CURSE-
MOSPHERE,
SUCK LOZENGE KNOWLEDGE FORMS HAVING,
LITTLE PUSH SPARK BENEATH IN
THROUGH—
WHEN STRUCK SHE WAS MARKED, AND RELISHED
ITS PASSING—THAT OLD BIG
THING, OLD FORCE—
FLASHED SALMON ON HER SURFACE—THAT OLD BIG THING
TOUCHED HER
AND SHE SURVIVED—WHERE THE ARM
OF THE MECHANISM JOINED AT THE BASE
AT THE BASE
OF MY THING THE BASE OF HER THING
A STRIKE TOWARD A SEEING AT ITS HEAD
(DIMENSION
AND A GLISTEN MAKES YOU ((FINALLY)) HUNGRY)—
THE HAND IS AN ENTRANCE TO THE BODY
BUT
I’VE GOT THIS SALMON ON ME, LIKE A DAD
SATIN CHANNEL WORKER BUTTRESSED BY THE
NATTERS AND THE
LIKE AND NOT-LIKE, COOLER— WHAT GOES OUT
BROAD THOUGHT AND
GESTURE, ALREADY INSIDE AGAIN
THE DRY/WET SEASON OF
YOUR LITTLE COSMIC FIELD—
LUXURIOUS ALIGNMENT WITH THE GAP—
NO UNMEDIATED
THRUST—THE TRACE COMPETES
ELSEWHERE—
DO YOU FEEL IT OR ALL HERE
WITH US NOW?



Rejective verse. Unbecoming language. Painting that is writing that is gesture and shape; image that is word that is sound. What comes out of the mouth and goes back in; food in reverse. A gesture made from between the legs and discharged from the gullet. The drawings that result lie on the floor like abandoned arrows from a quiver, dejected and excited. Gesture of rejection, impulse, object and action. Energetic inscription. Indifference (or actually, hostility) to the laws of representation: who cares, really. The process of figuration is boring when you care more about the energetic moment when the mark comes out of the body as expulsion, in-digestion, constrained only by the urge and the shape of the hole it comes out of. The shape of memory, the imprint of social structures on marks, marks as drives, psychological marks, the *chora*, that molten place, a totality, a forge, the womb. The pleasure of refusal. The law of skepticism. {I can't go on, I will go on.} The brick of no thrown from the mouth. A step, *un pas*, which is also *NOT, pas*. Rejection for digestion-- expulsion, revulsion, expression-- the negative feeling within oneself, an interiorized negativity that comes out as a quasi-friendly gesture pointing to a threshold, asking the other to accompany one to a boundary. The process is tricky. Can't always do it. Can't write a poem. (Can't or won't? Refusal to refuse?) The feeling of an icicle in the womb. Destruction as a double-edged sword. Nothing to say except not. (I do not have a mama or papa. I do not take a step. A not knot. Paw in mouth. Footstep in the snow, an animal who passed. She has a past.) Only the voice is seen. There is nothing to paint and nothing to paint with. There is nothing that can be said. Erase it anyway. Negating the absurd suggestion that painting is inexpressive with drawings that begin and end on the ground. Standing above the paper like a midwife, it lying flat below [flatter it]: moving upward fast, bring out the utterance-- staccato, blasting, insisting, gagging, swiping, gripping: wanting to see a signifier and not know it. A proliferating language of dissatisfaction and rage: disagreement in decals, dashes, emoji, cartoons, drop shadows, bubble type, outlines, scripts, bad handwriting, bad grammar, punctuationless chunks. An other appears. Wanting to eat and touch it at the same time. Eating : saying: hand: mouth. Rejecting a ghost. Can a trace argue? Can a shadow disobey? Tick. Tick. Tick. The situation is a little helpless if one cannot paint, since one is obliged to paint. The best question is, what is your basic unit-- the swipe? What does the gesture weigh? Too much? But can a slender thread destroy? "Plato said that the art or technique of writing was a *pharmakon* (drug or tincture, salutary or maleficent.) And the disquieting part of writing had already been experienced in its resemblance to painting." {Derrida} Can destruction build? Can a letter get past its meaning? Can a language be illegible? If so, is it bad language? If passes the boundary of meaning, and lies on the ground of pure affect, then can it be reincorporated into the body for more energy? Will the wound heal? Isn't the wound a collective act? Is the skin shared? Don't have a mark. Expression. Impression. Enigma. Flatter. Extend. Subtract.





<p>Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu, pögiff, kwii Ee.</p> <hr/> <p>Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo,</p> <hr/> <p>dll rrrr beeeee bö dll rrrr beeeee bö fümms bö, rrrr beeeee bö fümms bö wö, beeeee bö fümms bö wö tää, bö fümms bö wö tää zää, fümms bö wö tää zää Uu:</p> <hr/>	<p>inside front cover: notes by Darla Migan, 2017</p> <p>page 1: Alexander May and Jess Arndt, collaboration "HOLO", 2015-2016 on top of images from Ray Yoshida</p> <hr/> <p>page 2: Howard Smith, dims var, "Universe (IV), 2008, paintings on canvas</p> <hr/> <p>page 3: Carol Rama, 2000</p> <hr/> <p>page 4: Oyvind Fahlstrom, sections from "Manifesto for Concrete Poetry" 1953, and S.O.M.B.A., 1971-73</p> <hr/> <p>page 5: Al Held on a ladder, photo by Rudy Burckhardt (w/ collage)</p> <hr/> <p>page 6: Enrico Riley, "New Neumes," 2009, 22"x17", pencil on graph paper</p> <hr/> <p>page 7: Anna Maria Hong, on top of Fahlstrom's notes for Birdo language, photo from CABINET magazine issue 1, 2000-01, article by A.S. Bessa</p> <hr/> <p>page 8 and 9: Susan Bielstein, 2017</p> <hr/> <p>page 10 and 11: Shannon Ebner, 2011</p> <hr/> <p>page 12 and 13: text by Sara Jane Stoner, 2017</p> <hr/> <p>page 14: Rebecca Watson Horn, 2017, oil sand and pumice on canvas</p> <hr/> <p>page 15: Amy Sillman</p> <hr/> <p>page 16: Erika Vogt, 2016</p> <hr/> <p>page 17: tattoo designed by Amy Sillman and Hadi Fallahpisheh, 2017</p> <hr/> <p>page 19: includes elements from drawings by Saul Steinberg</p>
<p>Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu, pögiff, Kwii Ee.</p> <hr/> <p>Dedesnn nn rrrrr, li Ee, mpiff tillff too, tillll, Jüü Kaa?</p> <hr/> <p>Rinnzekete bee bee nnz krr müü? ziuu ennze, ziiuu rinnzkrrmüü,</p> <hr/> <p>rakete bee bee,</p> <hr/> <p>Rrumppff tillff toooo?</p> <hr/>	
<p>Ziiuu ennze ziiuu nnzkrrmüü, Ziiuu ennze ziiuu rinnzkrrmüü</p> <hr/> <p>rakete bee bee? rakete bee zee.</p> <hr/>	
<p>Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu, Uu zee tee wee bee fümms.</p> <hr/> <p>rakete rinnzekete</p>	



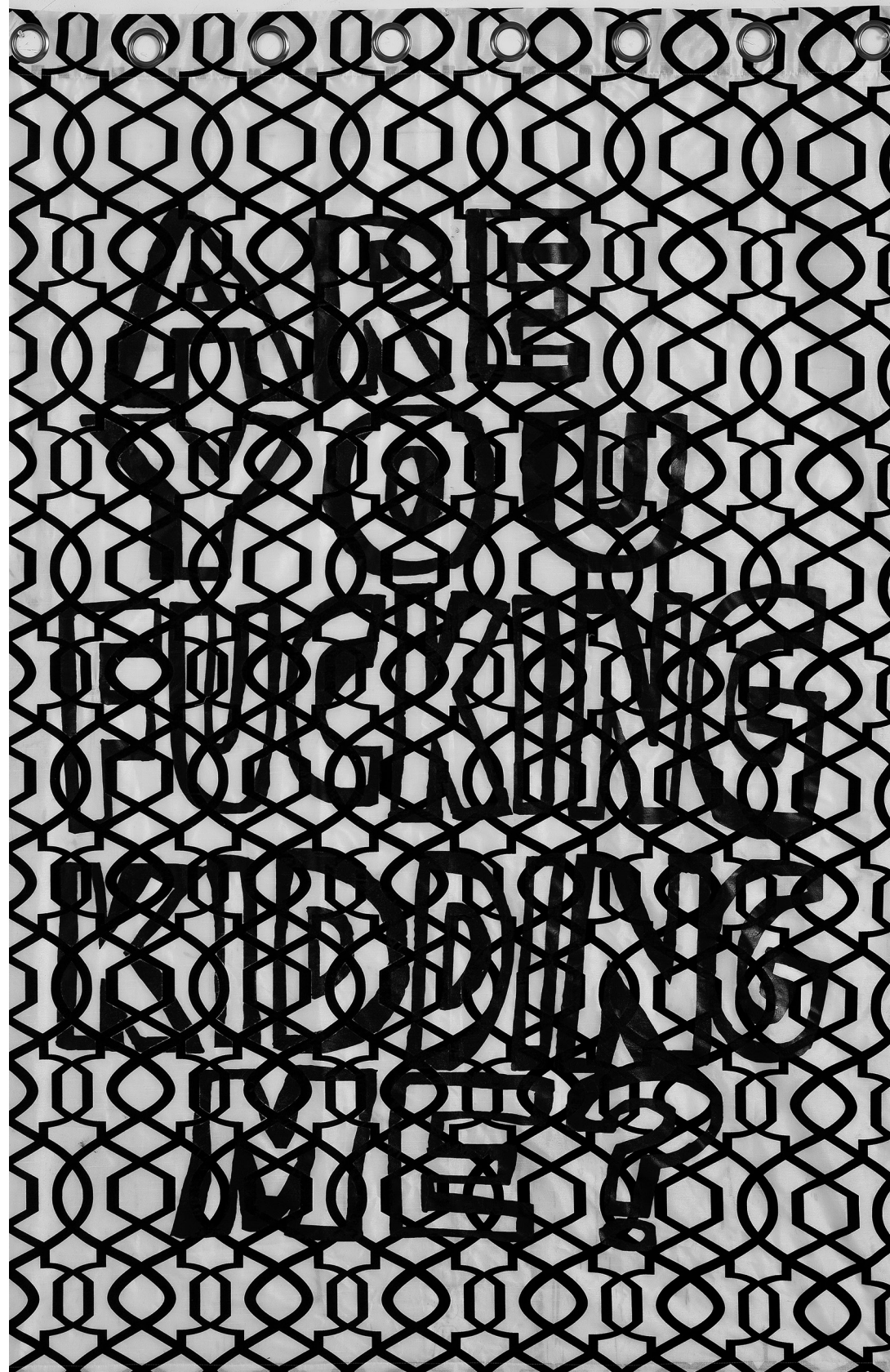
Everyone

Darla Migan, Jess Arndt, Alexander May, Howard Smith, Enrico Riley,

Anna Maria Hong, Susan Bielstein, Shannon Ebner, Sara Jane Stoner, Erika Vogt, Rebecca Watson Horn, Hadi Fallahpisheh, and the great works of artists Oyvind Fahlstrom, Carol Rama, Ray Yoshida, and my first love, Saul Steinberg. TOTAL thanks to Nate Heiges for helping put this together and SHAPCO for printing it. LOVE TO SIMONE BATTISTI. Special shout-out to Sara Jane Stoner for the special presence-----



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